

Daily Eagle

A BRIGHT AMERICAN GIRL.

SHE REPRESENTS HER COUNTRY AT THE PARIS EXPOSITION.

Miss Ottilie Thomas, Stenographer and Typewriter, the Only Girl Representative of the United States, and What She Thinks of France.

(Special Correspondence.)
PARIS, Aug. 30.—The only American girl officially representing the United States at the Paris exposition is Miss Ottilie Thomas. She is a stenographer and typewriter, an American company brought her to Paris to exhibit a typewriter.

"Oh, you speak English. We are so glad!" was the exultant cry of a group of Americans who found themselves in the Liberal Arts building, where no exhibit attracts more attention than the American typewriter. "You are the only American girl we have found in charge of an exhibit."

Miss Ottilie Thomas, a young girl of about twenty, with a bright, intelligent face, and a slight smile, said: "I am not very good at French, but I will try to answer you."

"How do you like Paris?"
"Oh, I like it very much. I don't see much of the city during the day. My ambition has been gratified, however. I have acquired sufficient skill on the machine to be put in charge of the exhibit, and that was about all I expected."

"Are you paid the same here as in America?"
"Yes. The firm paid my passage over, and I receive the same salary as I did in New York."

"Do women typewriters, stenographers, etc., receive the same salaries in Paris as in America?"

Miss Thomas smiled—a smile of patriotic gratitude. "Well, I should say not," and she pointed to the typewriter in the window. "French girls work for 12 francs a week. They are glad to get it. It is nearly five times as much as they would get in America."

"What is their salary in America?"
"From \$10 a week upwards. Fifty dollars a month is the average salary of an expert. Some command as high as \$50 or \$60 a month."

"Then you would say America is the country for women?"

"Well, I should smile!" And she did smile. "America is the only spot on earth. Why, look at these French girls. They are employed everywhere, but they are miserably paid; then they never get any higher. Clerks, cashiers and waitresses they remain until the end of the chapter. There is no chance for promotion here, but in America—well, there is no limit."

"Is living cheaper in Paris than in America?"
"Yes—if you leave your American stomach at home," and she well did laugh merrily. "This talk about living cheaper in Paris than at home is all nonsense," she added, soberly. "If you want a good meal such as Americans are used to, you pay the same if not a higher price here than in America."

"Then you don't like French cooking, French economy?"

"Oh, yes! I like French cooking in a way. Am very fond of their small dinners—when I don't have to pay for them! But the economy of the average French—well, cap of coffee for breakfast, a little bit of meat, few of your lamb, fish, bread and cheap wine for the rest of the day—well, it's not to my liking."

"How about clothes? You can't say they are too cheap?"

"Oh, clothes are cheap enough, but look at the French girls! In Paris you can get a dress outside, but you ought to see their underclothing," and the next American lifted her pretty nose disdainfully. "Rags, positively rags!"

"Surprising! How do you account for it?"

"Economy," was the tragic response. "A girl cannot marry in France unless she has a dowry, you know. The whole family pitch and screech—why, they would skin a fly—no heard France for a prospective husband. The daughter of Miss America's face was eloquently disdained of the economy of the daughters of France. Nothing is more alien to the independent American girl's nature than the idea of the dowry."

"You found the French language essential, did you not?"

"My, yes! I don't see how a person could move around here without some knowledge of the language. I don't know what I should have done."

"The menus at the hotels and cafes are in French?"

"Yes. I have a friend who has lived on meat and bread since he came to Paris. He laughed Miss Thomas' remark. "It is the only thing I can say in French. He is afraid to order from the carte, not knowing what they might bring him."

"After the exposition you will doubtless remain in Paris?"

"I will make for America as quickly as the ship will bear me, and then, when I reach my dear old home, I will be the only official representative of the Paris exposition."

UNEXAMPLED FORBEARANCE.

A Young Couple Quarrel Over a Matter of Vital Importance.

"Mabel," said the young husband, as a vague thrill of horror passed through his frame, "surely you are not in earnest! Tell me you are only joking!"

Only three months had passed since Rodney Alperon McPelt had left Mabel Washburn to the altar and dry house on the table before her heart swelled with joy and pride and her nose glistened with the delicate shade of cold pink usually worn there by young brides, as she took the solemn vows that bound her to the manly and devoted youth by her side.

And a cloud had already risen upon the horizon of their married life.

Surrounded by all that wealth and art, guided by the tenderest affection, could do to make existence a perpetual joy, with an elegant home in one of the loveliest suburbs of the western metropolis, Mabel Washburn McPelt had chosen a partner whose husband in a matter of vital importance, involving at once his civic pride and his self respect as a man.

"I am in earnest," she said, coldly, in answer to his excited query. "I am not joking, Rodney."

"Mabel," he exclaimed, as he sunk nervously into a chair and drained the table with trembling fingers, "tell me! Have you any Missouri blood in your veins?"

The young wife scorned to make reply. "Think once again, Mabel," he said, wildly. "Knowing, as you do, the utter inadequacy of the secluded location, the miserable climate and absolute deadness of that forlorn old town!"

"It is useless, Rodney," replied she with a careless yawn. "I don't care a fig for the world's fair. I repeat it, I would just as lief see it go to St. Louis as anywhere else in the world."

With an ashen face Rodney Alperon McPelt left the presence of his wife. His jaw was firmly set, his eyes blazed with the fire of a determined purpose, and his features worked convulsively.

Does the reader suppose that this young husband rushed off to a lawyer's office, and, burning with just indignation, instituted proceedings for divorce?

He did not. He simply had his misguided wife sent to an insane asylum.—Chicago Tribune.

Somewhat Sarcastic.

Willie's mother was busy sewing when he entered the room and hid himself without being noticed. His four-year-old brother came softly into the room and said: "Mamma, did you hear Willie?"

"No," she replied. "No hear nobody go pit-a-pat, pit-a-pat?"

He toddled into the next room, when with a rush Master Willie was gone, and then the mother, with quivering lip, to his mother: "I see 'ee ears is sleeping!"—New York World.

At Two Ends of the Alley.

Pin Boy—Two to one 't' bad don't git half way down here, with that fairy a-rollin' it.

Miss Rogers is a graduate of the women's athletic club—hold any lady, please, Mr. Gordon that last one slipped a little.—Judge.

Economizing.

The front of the building presents somewhat the appearance of one tall story, with high sloping roof, although in reality there are two stories, as may be seen by the gable.

NEW LONDON PUBLIC LIBRARY.

Over the three arch windows which pierce the gable is a curved stone tympanum, bearing the arms of New London—a ship under full sail. It is fit that it should have a granite library, for in this case the granite comes from Worcester and the more of a pink tinge than the local stone. The little sandstone trimmings, together with the rock face, random jointed ashlar of granite, will form an effective combination, while the color effect will be further heightened by the use of Akrois tile on the roof. The entrance porch is formed of three graceful columns, with wide arches, opening on Huntington street, and another arch, on the State street side, is especially commendable for its beauty and strength. A picturesque, pointed tower, to the right of the porch, including a staircase to the upper story, lends height and variety to the facade. The interior arrangements are excellent.

A Ready Parallel.

You see the evening was very warm and they must have leaned their heads against the wall paper.—Life.

A Practical Test.

"Mamma, dear, do you know you've got twenty-nine pins in the back of your dress?"

"Yes, it's awful! I was afraid it would turn out this way."

"And yet nothing would do but you must go!"

"Why, I didn't want to go one step!"

"Take care! You are to blame for this whole business. I have borne and borne, but the worm has finally turned at last. Make out a list of what furniture you want to keep and let us settle on the amount of alimony."

We didn't settle, however. He felt better next day, and I don't think he will refer to the matter again unless I bring it up.—Detroit Free Press.

A Wonderful Medicine.

Doctor to patients—Have been cured of every other resource, my dear sir, and with your permission I will now give you a hypodermic injection of Dr. Brown-Sequard's elixir.

MR. AND MRS. BOWSER.

Bowser Goes to the Park for a Quiet Outing, but Gets Roughly Handled.

"I think we'll go up to the park to-morrow," said Mr. Bowser the other Saturday evening as he finished his cigar.

"But won't it be dreadful crowded?" I queried.

"There you go! You are always ready to oppose anything I suggest."

"I am not opposing you, only you know that the boats are always crowded on Sunday, and that one is apt to be with many lawless characters. I have heard you say that the place was in possession of a mob all day Sunday."

"Never! On the contrary I have always boasted how orderly it was. I guarantee that you can go up there alone and stay all day and you will be treated like a queen."

"Well, if you think we had best go, why?"

"Of course I do. I think a little trip on the water will do us all good, and at the island we will seek some sylvan retreat and enjoy the beauties of the surroundings."

"And you won't get mad?"

"Mrs. Bowser, what do you mean?"

"If things do not go right you won't scold and blame everything to me?"

"Have you gone mad? When did I ever blame you? If you suspect that you are getting softening of the brain, let me know and I'll have a medical examination."

After dinner next day we made with the firm determination to keep his good nature at every hazard, but something occurred almost immediately to upset him. The street car was jammed full and running over, but it stopped and we wedged our way in.

In the squeeze some one stepped on Mr. Bowser's arm, some one else knocked his plug hat off, and a third person was heard to remark that if he weighed a ton he would charter a special car when he wanted to ride. This put Mr. Bowser in trim to say to the conductor:

"Does the manager of this line think we are a lot of hops that we can be packed in an old car like this?"

"Don't know, sir."

"Then you'd better find out. It's an insult on decent people, and I for one don't propose to submit to it."

"That rises, oh, feller," shouted a half-drunken man from the front of the car.

"Go on, the driver," added a second.

"Ten to one on old Bowser," yelled a man from the rear platform.

We finally got down to the boat. It was black with humanity and I didn't want to go, but Mr. Bowser elbowed people right and left and I followed. After being crowded, pushed, jumbled, squeezed and knocked about for ten minutes I got a chair which a drunken man had just fallen off, and Mr. Bowser found standing room beside me.

"I told you I thought the boats would be crowded," I remarked as soon as I could get my breath.

"Well, that shows all you know about it. There's no crowd on this boat. She could carry as many again."

"But what a rough set of people!"

"No rougher than we are. You simply want to find fault and make me uncomfortable."

In getting off the boat at the island some one stepped on my dress skirt and nearly tore it off, while Mr. Bowser's hat was crushed down over his eyes and some one picked his cigar case out of his coat tail pocket. We finally got out of the crowd and wandered away until we reached a shady spot, and then it did seem as if we might take some comfort. I began to express my sympathy for Mr. Bowser, when he turned on me with:

"When I want to be consoled with I'll let you know. This far we have had a real good time, and I don't want to hear any more kicking about it."

"This is the sylvan retreat you spoke of, I suppose?" I remarked as I looked around.

"I remarked as I looked around, saw cigar stubs, playing cards, pretzels, beer bottle corks and a rusty old cork screw lying on the grass."

He didn't say. He was going to, when a couple of young men came that way and stopped and asked Mr. Bowser for a match to light their clay pipes. He didn't have any, and one of them said:

"Well, yer needn't be so crusty about it. We are just as good as you are."

"And a blamed sight better, Jim," added the other.

Mr. Bowser jumped up, but both of them plucked him and he screamed and brought assistance. They split his coat up the back, tore his collar off and tore three buttons off his vest, and as they went away they threatened to come back and finish him off.

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From the first to the last page, being stronger, more flexible and more durable on account of the sewing and binding than a book possibly can be when sewed and bound by any other process.

It is the only book wherein all the sections are fastened one to another throughout the book, thus insuring great strength.

(CUT NO. 1.)

The method of obtaining this result is:

1st. By means of valuable improvements in the SEWING, securing great freedom in opening and adding materially to the STRENGTH and DURABILITY of the book.

2d. By means of SPRINGS, which are fastened at each end of the book, so that when it is opened they draw the outside covers together, thus shortening the width between covers, and bending the book up to a sharp bend in the back, as shown in cuts 1 and 2. When open at or near the front the springs pull the top cover down and inward, and at the same time lift up the lower cover, drawing it inward. This action raises up the inside leaves higher than the top cover, giving the flat surface so long desired by bookkeepers.

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As is well known, a source of frequent trouble in making books by the old methods, is in the sewing. A single thread breaking, or a stitch losing its hold, will occasion an entire section of twenty pages to come out, necessitating the re-binding of the book, causing loss of time and much inconvenience. By this new method a thread may be cut throughout an entire section and not a leaf will be disturbed; nor, should every parchment break, will there be the slightest trouble or inconvenience—the book will remain unharmed.

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There is no strain on the book when open, or if any, it is upon the cover, the leather joints of which are prevented by the springs from spreading apart, and the cover of the book is preserved from flattening when open. This peculiar action can be secured in no other way. Nor does the weight of the accountant who is disposed to rest upon his book, affect in the least its shape or symmetry.

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THE EAGLE,

M. M. MURDOCK & BRO. R. P. MURDOCK, Bus Mgr.

WICHITA, KANSAS.

"I Told You So!"

How She Received His Proposal.

There is in Washington a young typewriter who goes to work and counting time and money, the sentimental which her employer feels toward her. He is in the habit of dictating his correspondence, while her expert fingers transcribe the words as he utters them. The other morning he concluded to end the uncertainty which had come into existence by asking her to marry him. She was engaged on some copying when he approached her and poured out his sentiments, and notwithstanding the warmth of his pleadings kept right ahead with the ditty, click click of the instrument. In fact, she paid so little attention to him that he became discouraged and left the room, intending to speak to her when her mind was free from her duties.

He went to his lunch, and on his return sat down to sign a lot of letters that lay on his desk. There was a large pile, and he went through it mechanically until he struck a sheet near the bottom. Jumping to his feet, he simply exclaimed: "Well, I'll be bowed!"

The old, glancing typewriter letter read: "Miss Stutz—Maybe you'll think I'm an old jackass, but I ain't. I mean business. I know I don't happen to be very pretty, but I'd be glad to be a family. I was thinking that you'd learn to like me if you'd go to church with me and give the minister a few minutes' employment. And this way I can see any money either. I'll be glad to wait for you." Say, you ain't listening, are you? Well, I'll come in later when you ain't so busy.—Washington Capital.

He's They Grow.

Merchandise—Can you bring me a few bushels of green peas this morning?

Delicious!—Not this morning! My peas was just blossomed when I left home an hour ago. But if that old crowd drops in here or two we'll keep them for you. I'll be here with a load this afternoon.—Times.

Exchange of Greetings.

They met upon the platform as they passed from car to car.

Quilt the one with mask and pencil: "Come, sir, tell me who you are."

"I'm the train boy," said the other. "Now, sir, tell me, who are you?"

And the first one answered, smiling: "I'm a railroad engineer, too."—Washington Post.

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